

CHRISTIANITY and CRISIS

A Christian Journal of Opinion

Some Notes on Geneva Phase I

The conference of foreign ministers at Geneva is in recess and the pundits and foreign policy analysts have not hesitated to appraise the results. The best we can say for the majority of the estimates is that they are probably premature. Those who from the beginning were filled with doubts feel they are vindicated. At the other extreme, more sanguine interpreters point to this comment or that response as straws in the wind of more agreement than meets the eye. Neither position is likely to stand the test of critical review; they are grounded so completely on the skillful selection of evidence that they resemble more the prosecutor's art than the historian's science.

Nonetheless, the 41 days in Phase I of East-West talks at Geneva do throw light on at least some of the dark corners of the Cold War over Berlin. First, they point to the essential strength and toughness of the Russian position on Berlin. The West may have reason to compliment itself on the soundness of its juridical and political position, but the facts of geography and power are all too obviously, for the moment at least, on the side of the Russians. Much as Khrushchev yearns for a meeting at the summit (and for various reasons his sense of urgency is less than had been anticipated), he is apparently under no immediate compulsion to work for an agreement. This could mean that the Russians see time on their side and are prepared to await a further weakening of the Western position.

Second, if Russian policy and intentions are clearer and if their present aim is to absorb West

Berlin into the Soviet empire, the unity of the West on a policy of standing firm was also made clear at Geneva. In Secretary Herter's words: "If the Soviet Union persists in its determination to add more than 2,000,000 free West Berliners to the captive peoples of Eastern Europe, then no agreement is possible." Given the precarious nature of the West's position, the insecurity of the city and its exposed geography, Secretary Herter's remarks are brave words. However, official attitudes in Bonn, Paris, Washington and even London suggest a resolve that must have come as a surprise to the Russian leaders. The firm policies on both sides and their present negotiating positions suggest that for the time being East and West are prepared to settle for a stalemate.

Third, the Geneva talks also reveal something about the high price of summitry or its reasonable facsimile at the foreign minister level. Forty-one of Mr. Herter's first 56 days in office were spent out of the United States. His absence came at a time when the French were challenging the right of NATO to keep atomic bombs in France, new problems were arising in countries associated with the European Common Market, protests were being lodged by the Atlantic maritime nations over U.S. shipping policy, and successive crises followed one another in Latin America, the Middle East, the Caribbean and the Far East. These stormy and portentous events taking place with no captain at the helm prompt friendly critics to urge "that a way of negotiating must be found that would maintain diplomatic contact with the Communists with-

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out paralyzing Western diplomacy in other important fields."

Fourth, Mr. Herter's stature as Secretary of State has plainly been strengthened both in Congress and at the bargaining table. He showed himself firm and uncompromising on moral and strategic interests and enhanced his standing with old and new friends, particularly on both sides of the House where he served so effectively in Marshall Plan days. At the same time he presided at the consolidation of the policy of our allies on Berlin. Yet both in his report to the nation and in subsequent actions, he expressed a belief that Phase I was not the end of the story. His concluding remarks in the June 23rd television report especially suggested a conviction that talks at some level with the Russians will continue at a lively pitch for some years to come.

More recently, informed observers have indicated that the Secretary is seriously contemplating the return of Ambassador Charles E. Bohlen from Manila to serve as Special Assistant on Russian affairs. Perhaps Mr. Bohlen will engage in the long and continuous dialogue that some anticipate with the Russians and for which foreign ministers or heads of government can hardly be spared. Speaking of this prospect, *The Economist* (London) editorialized: The answer "is presumably the appointment of senior deputies to sweat it out . . . with their superiors looking in from time to time whenever shifts in the situation justify their appearance. It will not be glorious; it will hardly even amount to news; but it will be more like diplomacy."

Finally, the public and official temper with which the Geneva talks were broken off is worthy of note. The ministers were able to disengage and push back their chairs from the Geneva table "without losing their tempers and setting off alarms and scares." This results partly from the forces that brought them together. This time the negotiators were brought together by a relaxation in Russian pressures on Berlin rather than a rising curve of public expectation as in 1955. Before many days had passed, public opinion showed signs of boredom at the whole tedious process and the apparent irreconcilability of positions. This mood, which has its dangers, in one sense at least enables the diplomats to go about their painful task freed of the necessity to make strident accusations or exaggerated claims, and for this we may be thankful.

K. W. T.

ENDS AND MEANS IN KERALA

THE SITUATION in Kerala, India's only state with a Communist government, has grown increasingly serious. Opposition which was previously disparate and disorganized has now consolidated on a single issue—increased government control of private schools. (See "Communist Rule in Kerala: An Evaluation" by M. M. Thomas, June 9, 1958 and "Public Education and the State: India" by Juhanon Mar Thoma, January 20, 1958.) The Communists are being pressed vigorously in an attempt to remove them from power.

Chief among the many complex questions raised in this situation is that of Christians living under a democratic, constitutional government of rule by law that is presently Communist-led. Should they resort to unconstitutional means to overthrow the government when it passes laws that are not responsive to the legitimate demands of large sections of the electorate?

It is ironic that a party which does not believe in democracy as we understand it should be put in power by the democratic process of the popular vote, but this is what happened in Kerala when the Communists were elected to a five-year term in 1957. They are now accused of being primarily interested in strengthening their party under the cover of democratic institutions, and there is considerable fear that they will subvert the constitution. However, recent events make clear that they are not the only ones who are in a position to undercut India's constitutional form of government.

The Education Act was passed in total disregard of the will of a large part of the populace. Christians fear that the requirement of hiring teachers from an approved Civil Service Commission list and other means of pressure inherent in the new law will give increased influence to the Communists in private school matters. They joined the rival Hindu Nair community in closing down their own schools and in picketing those that remained open. The ensuing demonstrations involving the police and the pickets have been widely reported in the press.

A statement on this matter by responsible Christian leaders in India has come to our attention. It recognizes that the widespread popular support of the anti-government movement "raises the question of the adequacy of the present constitutional

provisions to meet unprecedented situations and whether further constitutional machinery should be provided for effective enforcement of popular will." The statement emphasizes that, although it has been their intention to protest in a constitutional manner, the Christians "have been led, wittingly or unwittingly, into collaboration with other political forces directed towards the overthrow of the Government by what seems to us unconstitutional methods." These forces were described as those of "reaction, communalism and class-hatred."

Suggesting that the Christian leadership in Kerala has a great responsibility to end the present impasse, the statement urges the leaders to accept a Government offer to negotiate their differences on educational policy. The Government is called on to adopt a more responsive attitude "to meet the just demands of the voluntary agencies and allay their legitimate fears." If such a parley fails, the statement insists that the Christians make it clear that their misgivings are in regard to educational policy and that it is not their intent to resort to unconstitutional methods or violent agitation to overthrow the Government. "Democratic

discipline imposes submission" even if under protest. General opposition to Communist rule can be registered at the polls although great patience may be required till the next elections.

The present situation places Prime Minister Nehru in a most awkward position. He clearly has no desire to see the Communists in power in Kerala, but he is treading carefully as he seeks a solution. He cannot very well approve a movement that seeks, in fact if not in theory, by revolutionary means to topple a duly constituted government without setting a precedent that would threaten the survival of constitutional government in all of India. Large, well-organized Communist elements in other states would surely exploit such an action.

We recognize that negotiation and exercise of the franchise (if there is not an early election) is hardly a perfect solution to the problem, but we feel that other courses are fraught with even more danger. Observers abroad who are tempted to set aside the rules momentarily in cases where Communists are concerned would do well to ponder the problem of ends and means.

W. H. C.

The Example of George Orwell

NATHAN A. SCOTT, JR.

AT LEAST a phase of George Orwell's legacy — *Animal Farm* and *Nineteen Eighty-Four* — has already become a part of the moral history of our time. Increasingly his total achievement as a writer promises to win the kind of authority possessed by those bodies of modern writing that reveal to us some aspect of the human story that is felt to have been decisive in contemporary experience. It is not, of course, that he is proving to be a competitor for the kind of attention that we give to Joyce, Lawrence, Eliot and Faulkner, for he does not embody the archetypal idea of the artist with the force and splendor that these writers do.

Indeed, we are sometimes even led to wonder whether he was primarily an artist at all, and this is a question that need not arise out of any rigid adherence to an aesthetic rigorism. For with Orwell the greatest uses of art were not those by which we distance ourselves from the world in order to contemplate more strenuously its pattern and mean-

ing. They were, rather, those by which we seek a more direct entry into the world for the sake of redeeming it from the indecencies by which it must otherwise be overwhelmed.

This is, I suspect, why V. S. Pritchett, in *The New Statesman and Nation* a few days after Orwell's death, referred to him as "the wintry conscience of a generation." And this is also partly why, wherever one turns in the many recent critical estimates of his life and work, one finds him being responded to as one of the authentic saints of our age. For though an artist, and at times a very fine one, it is as a guide to the perplexed that we seem most of all to want to remember him today.

Indeed, as we are now beginning to see, the great "obsession" of Orwell's life focused upon the necessity for decency: this is the organizing emotion and idea at the center of all his books. For him the central human problem was that of persuading men to behave decently toward one another or, in the language of Martin Buber, of persuading them to see the essential human relation as that of "I-and-Thou."

Mr. Scott is a frequent contributor to this and other journals. He is a member of the Federated Theological Faculty of the University of Chicago.

The Necessity of Decency

His socialism, in other words, was not of a highly programmatic sort, and it had little in common with the bitter metaphysics of Continental socialist thought, for he was no dialectician of *Realpolitik*. He was in politics, as in everything else, a Personalist, animated by a passionate conviction that the social order must be built upon respect for persons. He believed, as Mr. Auden told us some years ago, that "We must love one another or die." It was this radical humanitarianism that furnished the ruling motives of his life, that prompted him towards the kind of profound identification with the poor that makes books like *Down and Out in Paris and London* and *The Road to Wigan Pier* so impressive. And it was this integral humanism that led him to spring to arms in defense of the Loyalist cause during the Spanish Civil War and that compelled him in his last year, in *Animal Farm* and *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, to speak out with such eloquence and passion against the demonry of modern political totalitarianism. He always wanted to take his stand with the worker, with the underdog, with the benighted and the oppressed; their burdens he wanted to make his own, and theirs was the cause he most wanted to champion. Sir Herbert Read has said he was "always moved by sympathy, by human love," and the one thing in which he never ceased to believe was the necessity of decency.

Now the term "decency" inevitably carries with it, I suppose, some suggestion of motivations whose moderateness reflects a certain fatigue of the will, a certain tepid and unmilitant orientation of the spirit toward life. To say that Orwell's obsession had decency as its focus may be to suggest, therefore, that he lived under a gray, wintry dispensation of soul that involved no passionately direct relationship with the plight of the human spirit in our time. It may imply that there was in him a certain Stoic *apatheia* that disabled those fierce, bitter, absolute passions that have been so much a part of the almost inevitably eschatological temper of many of the great minds of the modern period. But it would be unfortunate if these conclusions were drawn, for they would be quite simply untrue.

Orwell was, to be sure, a man who distrusted all the great extreme and limiting ideas of the human consciousness, the ideas of sin and guilt, of alienation and hell and God. It is partly this that so commends him to the modern secular liberal intelligence and persuades it that he is to be numbered amongst its great uncanonical saints.

In *I Believe*, a popular album of personal philosophies which Clifton Fadiman edited at the beginning of World War II, the English novelist E. M. Foster began his own testimony: "I do not believe in Belief . . . Faith, to my mind, is a stiffening process, a sort of mental starch, which ought to be applied as sparingly as possible. I dislike the stuff." So, in wanting to dissociate himself from those who, as he said, "have Faith, with a large F," Mr. Forster insisted that his is a faith that has only a small initial letter.

And it now occurs to me that one might also say that Orwell's too was a faith with only a small "F"—though I should not want to give the impression that the affinity between the two men was very much larger than this, for there was rage in Orwell, and this is not an emotion that I can recall Mr. Forster having ever expressed. Orwell's rage was that of the man who has a passion for decency but who lives in a world that is methodically making this virtue a relic of the past. It was the rage with which he faced the bleak, desolate "slummy wilderness" of modern society that proves how wrongheaded it would be to assume that his preoccupation with decency betokened a tepid quality in the man and was an expression of the absence of the feral passions.

"Most Liberal of Liberals"

Philip Rieff, in an essay in *The Kenyon Review* in 1954, touched the heart of the matter when he remarked that "Orwell was the most liberal of liberals, the Christian who has lost his Christianity, but keeps up the essential Christian action of brotherliness and compassion." This was precisely it: like the heroine of his early novel, *A Clergyman's Daughter*, though his faith had left him he "had not changed, could not change, did not want to change, the spiritual background of [his] mind." He was a man (as I seem to recall someone already having remarked) carrying on with the ethical momentum of a discarded theology, and it is this that gives to Orwell the large *exemplary* role that has been his in the spiritual history of contemporary liberalism.

Orwell's problem, as Mr. Rieff has so well said, was "how to live honestly in a world that is no longer liberal." And it was his reflection upon this issue that led him constantly to seek for those factors in modern society that make decency in human living most difficult. For many years he

seemed to think that money is the crucial determinant of success or failure, that it enables us to bear with poise and dignity whatever hardships life may bring our way and that without it both decency and dignity of life are almost beyond our grasping power. It was this hypothesis that provided the organizing principle of that remarkable novel *Keep the Aspidistra Flying* (1936), which Lionel Trilling has with some justice called a "summa of all the criticisms of a commercial civilization that have ever been made." And it is the experience of poverty that is also central to *A Clergyman's Daughter* (1933), to *Coming Up for Air* (1939), to the memoir *Down and Out in Paris and London* (1931), and to *The Road to Wigan Pier* (1936), which was written for the Left Book Club on the effects of mass unemployment in the industrial areas.

Orwell knew the wretchedness of vagrancy and hunger, the degradation of filthy rooming houses and sleeping under bridges: he knew that "a man who has gone even a week on bread and margarine is not a man any longer, only a belly with a few accessory organs." And he wrote of what it means to be poor, of what it means to be without money in the modern world, with an imaginative penetration that one comes upon nowhere else in modern literature.

In a writer of Orwell's intelligence it was inevitable, though, that the moral problem should in time gain definition in deeper terms than those issuing from the problem of money—which is to say that it was inevitable that he should move towards a direct engagement with politics. For the impulses most native to his mind were of a sort designed to make him primarily a political writer, and this was what he ultimately became. And, given the circumstances of his time, it was also inevitable that he should become a Socialist—though his was a socialism with a difference, for it had little in common with the stricter types of Marxism that were so attractive during the Thirties among both European and American intellectuals.

"Sometimes," he once remarked, "I look at a Socialist—the intellectual, tract-writing type of Socialist, with his pullover, his fuzzy hair, and his Marxian quotation—and wonder what the devil his motive really is. It is often difficult to believe that it is love of anybody, especially of the working class, from whom he is of all people the furthest removed." Indeed, he suggests that the conventional leftist is really moved in his political thinking not so much by a desire that

justice and decency shall prevail as he is by impatience with disorder and untidiness. "What they desire, basically," he said, "is to reduce the world to something resembling a chessboard."

Nowhere else did this become more apparent to him than in the drastic and mischievous oversimplifications of the Spanish Civil War that were circulated throughout the world of the liberal intelligentsia from the summer of '36 on through the spring of '39. He went to Spain and fought in the trenches with the P. O. U. M. and participated in the Barcelona riots in May of '37—and he knew that nothing could be further from the truth than the version of these events that was bruited about in the liberal weeklies throughout the English-speaking world, to the effect that the war was simply a defense (spearheaded by the Communists) of Spain against a fascist gang in the pay of Hitler. What he discovered in Catalonia was how irrevocably the Communist movement was committed to counter-revolution and how infinitely more ruthless was its despotism than the earlier and milder tyrannies that it had overthrown. All of this he tells in his great book on the Spanish crisis, *Homage to Catalonia*, a book that reveals that the Spanish experience was the decisive experience of his life, since he could never thereafter have any illusions about Marxist Socialism.

There is a direct line from the book on Spain to the two widely known books of his last years, *Animal Farm* and *Nineteen Eighty-Four*. What is chiefly incorporated into these last books are the insights that he won between '36 and '39 into the actual moral realities behind international communism and into what can be done to both thought and language by modern propagandism, with its enormous technical capacities for completely and permanently distorting the truth. *Animal Farm* (1945) has already attained the status of a modern classic—not only, I suspect, because of the charm and gaiety of its simple animal fable, but also because the book, in addition to being the most devastating attack on Russian communism ever produced, is a profound and moving comment on the fate of political revolutions generally and on man's tragic habit of compromising with the truth.

The Unfuture of "1984"

The last book, *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, though it establishes Orwell as the equal of Koestler, Silone and Malraux in the political novel, is a work of pure horror whose desperateness is unmatched

even in these post-Stalinist days of our misery. It was written during the final months of Orwell's battle with the tuberculosis with which he had been afflicted for many years, and he himself said: "It wouldn't have been so gloomy if I hadn't been so ill." But one wonders whether its utter hopelessness is adequately explained simply in terms of the wretched condition of his health during those last months.

May it not be that the attitude of utter horror with which he confronted the *un-future* of the modern world was in part a result of his having been prepared to believe so little about what is ultimately possible for human existence? He was, to be sure, a man who wanted to "keep up the essential Christian action of brotherliness and compassion," but may not his predicament demand explanation finally in terms of the fact that he was, nevertheless, a Christian who had lost his Christianity? He believed in justice and decency—and, though he seems to have believed in nothing more, we certainly cannot hold the mature and disenchanted Orwell accountable for many of the illusions about history to which the liberal mind in the modern period has so often succumbed and which have been so completely discredited by the events of the last two decades.

But he did, nevertheless, believe in nothing deeper than the liberal ideals of justice and decency—which is to say that the meaningfulness of human life had to be guaranteed for him by the extent to which it did actually present living embodiments of justice and decency in the social order. And when the life of his time no longer seemed to be tending in the direction of justice and decency—when, indeed, contemporary life

began to appear to offer nothing but "calculated risks and disappointed hopes"—it was perhaps natural that such a man should be overtaken by the "jitters" and that the alarms and disturbances of the contemporary world should have so profoundly unsettled him till, like Jan Masaryk and F. O. Matthiessen, he was no longer able to contemplate a future at all but only the absolute *un-future* of "1984."

What, in other words, it may be proper to conclude is that Orwell's rejection of a belief less modest than that to which he was willing to subscribe may have made of him ultimately a kind of example of what St. Paul says, that "if in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable." St. Paul also tells us that "Whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord: whether we live therefore, or die, we are the Lord's." But it was precisely, as Reinhold Niebuhr has said, "this final nonchalance about life and death, which includes some sense of serenity about the life and death of civilizations" and which protects us from hysteria when on occasion the human camp fire seems about to be snuffed out—it was precisely this that Orwell did not have, and which it was impossible for him to attain by the fundamental premises on which he made sense of human experience.

So, having spoken of him as an *exemplary* figure for our period, it now becomes possible for me to specify just what he was an example of—and it is, I should say, the vulnerability of even the shrewdest and most knowledgeable secular liberalism before the rough and ungovernable weathers of modern history.

John Foster Dulles: Man of Faith

HENRY P. VAN DUSEN

JOHAN FOSTER DULLES has been acclaimed not only throughout the length and breadth of his own nation but across the world to a degree and in a fashion without precedent in our day, unless for royalty or a chief of state.

Time and again the question has been asked, not in idle curiosity but in eager desire to understand the secret of his greatness: "What manner of man was he? How are we to interpret, if not explain, this remarkable person?"

From time to time, editorial writers who have had the opportunity of being much associated with Mr. Dulles have spoken of the human being they had discovered, a combination of qualities so con-

trasted as to seem almost contradictory or certainly paradoxical—formidable yet touchingly gentle, aloof yet engagingly friendly, stern yet delightfully playful, solemn and yet heartily savoring genuine humor and wit.

However, no one who had the privilege of Mr. Dulles' intimate confidence could for one moment doubt the key to the person who harbored such contrasted qualities, the deeper springs of that character, the source of its strength and its power. "Man of faith," he has often been called. Yes, but "faith" is a weather-worn word of a hundred variant meanings and, for many, rather hackneyed and unattractive associations.

"Man of Christian faith"—there is the bedrock, without which everything else that might be said is incomplete, indeed inexplicable.

Dr. Van Dusen, a member of the Editorial Board, had many associations with Mr. Dulles. His article is based on a memorial address given at the Brick Presbyterian Church in New York City.

Massive Affirmations

It was conceived—that character—in a Presbyterian manse in Watertown, New York. It was nurtured in a professor's home in Auburn Seminary—around the family piano, through the singing of hymns which, as many of us could testify, can form the substratum of character more decisively than overt instruction or formal worship. It was no accident that, in the last days when suffering sharpened and the inevitable end threatened, the one thing he desired most was a recording of those hymns of boyhood—not sentimental modern hymns, but the massive grand old affirmations of faith: "The Spacious Firmament on High," "When Morning Gilds the Skies," "Work for the Night is Coming," "All Praise to Thee, My God, This Night," "God of Our Life, Through All the Circling Years," and, especially, "Through the Night of Doubt and Sorrow, Onward Goes the Pilgrim Band." This last was, not merely by expressed preference but also by inherent sympathy, John Foster Dulles' hymn. And so, night by night, the waning spirit was rejuvenated by the great hymns of faith.

A dozen years ago, returning from a church conference on "a just and durable peace" over which Mr. Dulles had presided and to which he had lured some of his skeptical colleagues from the world of affairs, one of these close friends turned to John Foster Dulles and chided playfully: "Foster, your mother must have been terribly disappointed when you didn't become a minister." The stern jaw stiffened, and that familiar granite voice blurted sharply, almost rudely: "Nearly broke her heart."

But the maternal hope was not defeated. He who might have been a powerful preacher of the Christian Gospel became a pre-eminent pioneer in a Christian vocation rarer and perhaps more needful than professional clergy—the lay ministry—fulfilling one of the central and greatly neglected ideals of the Calvinist tradition in which he had been reared: "Every Profession, a Sacred Calling"; "Every Christian, a Minister of Christ."

Plato defined the ideal State—when "statesmen should be philosophers" and "philosophers statesmen." Christianity envisions a loftier and more demanding conception of public leadership: the Minister of State—a Minister of Christ in his sacred calling.

Revealing Words

Nothing more clearly declares any person's deeper convictions, nothing more surely reveals the inner springs of action, than the words to which he habitually, perhaps unthinkingly, has recourse, especially in moments of special intensity, in speech of climactic importance.

A study of John Foster Dulles' habitual vocabulary, particularly at those times when he was speaking from central conviction and to the crucial point, discovers a single phrase occurring over and over again like a reiterated refrain, a determinative motif: "a righteous and dynamic faith." Each of the three words was carefully chosen; each is essential to the whole.

"Righteous." A passion for justice, for righteousness impregnating the affairs of men, the affairs of state. "Too much these days," he declared, "we forget that men's ability to control the physical depends upon the moral. Nothing that statesmen can contrive will work if it does not reflect the moral conscience of the time. Whenever that limitation is ignored, failure ensues." "Moralism" he was often accused of, sometimes derisively. So far as I know, he never denied the charge. To have done so would have been to repudiate a basic certainty: the moral order, the divine order, the will of God—by which the decisions of statesmen must ultimately be judged, into conformity with which the relations of peoples, as of persons, must finally be brought.

"Dynamic." Another of his great, recurrent words—demanding a "dynamic peace," in the conviction of the living, moving, ever-changing character of the divine order for human life with its openness to change, its hopefulness toward a better ordering of society. "Dynamic"—the very temper of the pilgrim.

"Righteous" and "dynamic"—these are the adjectives. But "faith" is the noun which the adjectives identify and which alone can translate them into reality.

But we have said "faith" is a weather-worn word with countless meanings and, for many, vague and somewhat hackneyed associations. One always recalls the lad who replied to his Sunday School questionnaire, "What is faith?" "Faith is believing what you know ain't true!" With all its manifold uses, in Christian understanding "faith" always carries a two-fold connotation: It speaks of convictions believed to be true but never fully proven true—"certainty of things not seen." But in another and less recognized sense "faith" denotes *action*; it is life-devotion to ends, to ideals that are held to be sound and realizable but are never wholly realized—"assurance of things hoped for." So, in the classic exposition of Christian Faith in the eleventh chapter of the Letter to the Hebrews—the catalogue of the figures of faith, the chronicle of the pilgrims of faith—the emphasis throughout is upon action: "Abraham when he was called went, not knowing whither" . . . "Noah built" . . . others who "conquered kingdoms, enforced justice, won strength out of weakness." Yes, and "These all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off."

And Revealing Actions

The springs of character are revealed not only in the words to which men habitually have recourse but—far more—in their spontaneous *actions*, sometimes trivial as the world measures importance.

There is one such incident which may now be disclosed. A very minor official in our foreign service was threatened with dishonorable dismissal and disgrace on charges of subversion. He laid his case before a friend of Mr. Dulles, who became convinced of his innocence and brought the matter to Mr. Dulles' attention.

The young man had already been condemned, deprived of appointment and salary, and his appeal denied by a Loyalty Board and the Under Secretary. Only direct intervention by the Secretary of State could save him. At the same time, Mr. Dulles was in the midst of pressing affairs—journeying to Europe, to Asia, to South America. But he personally reviewed the voluminous record, overrode the Loyalty Board and his Under Secretary, ordered exoneration and honorable restitution leading to appointment to a much more responsible spot. And then, reporting the decision to his friend, he thanked him for calling the case to his attention.

The career of a minor subordinate salvaged, his honor vindicated. The concrete action of a Man of Faith: "righteous and dynamic faith."

If it be asked, "How is such faith with its practical fruit in action born and nurtured and sustained within the human spirit?" here is the answer: It has its basis in that other side of faith which we more familiarly associate with the word. Faith is devotion to ends believed to be achievable but never fully achieved. Such life-devotion is possible because faith is also, and more fundamentally, trust in certainties felt to be true but never wholly proven true: certainty that truth alone permanently prevails, that right does ultimately triumph, certainty of God.

If one were to associate a single biblical passage with this man's life, there could be little hesitancy in its choice—Hebrews 11. And, from the literature of Christianity down the centuries, *Pilgrim's Progress*, whose words describing the passage of Valiant-for-the-Truth were so appropriately spoken at his funeral.

In that catalogue of the pioneers of faith, John Foster Dulles takes his rightful place; in that chronicle, his struggles for a better world—for a just and lasting peace, for a righteous and dynamic order—are to be entered. Man of Faith, Man of Christian Faith—a righteous and dynamic faith.

And so it was altogether "in character" that toward the last his spirit should turn to "Through the Night of Doubt and Sorrow" and that his mortal body should be laid to rest with those triumphant words ringing:

*Through the night of doubt and sorrow,
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the promised land.
One the object of our journey,
One the faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires.*

CORRESPONDENCE

Rejoice Not in Depravity

TO THE EDITORS: I protest what seems to be Sidney Lanier's attempt to claim Tennessee Williams on the side of Christianity in opposition to humanism ("Tennessee Williams: Geographer of Hell," June 22). I doubt that Williams in *Sweet Bird* intended to reveal "the bankruptcy of paganism." Regardless of whether "to know Hell and its dimensions" is the "first faltering step toward Heaven" I doubt that Williams is even leaning toward Heaven, much less making any steps....

Mr. Lanier seems to rejoice in the fact that Williams portrays man as utterly depraved. Rather than rejoicing in this one-sided view, the Christian should keep in mind... the potentiality of man. And to accuse modern humanists of believing in the "original righteousness of man" is as unwarranted as accusing any liberal or neo-orthodox of believing in literal original sin.

It may be that our age "has lost its way" (what age hasn't), but I shall continue to despise directions from any geographer of Hell—even though he be as skilled a dramatist as Tennessee Williams.

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